Slow to and fro the sentry paced, His musket on his shoulder,
But not a thought of death or war
Was with the brave young soldier.
Ah, no! his heart was far away
Where, on a Western prairie,
A rose-twined cottage stood. That night
The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw, Her brue eyes kind y beaming. Above them on her sun-kissed brow, Her curs like sunshine gleaming, And heard her singing, as she churned The butter in the dairy, The soughe loved the best. That night The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh, for one kiss from her!" he sighed, "Oh, for one kiss from ker!" he sighed,
When, up the one road glancing,
He spied a form, a little form,
With fait'ri g steps advancing.
And as it neared him silently
He gazed at it in wonder;
Then dropped his musket to his hand,
And challenged: "Who goes yonder to

Still on it came. "Not one step more,
Be you man, child or fairy,
Unless you give the countersign.
Halt! Who goes there?" "'Tis Mary,"
A sweet voice cred, and in his arms
The girl he'd seft behind him
Half fainting fell. O'er many miles
She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear," She sobbed; "my heart was breaking; I could not stay a moment, but, all other ties for aking.

I traveled, by my grief made strong, Kind heaven watching o'er me, Until—Unburt and well?" "Yes, love."— "At last you stood before me.

"They told me that I could not pass The line- to seek my lover
Before day fairly came; but I
Pressed on ere night was over,
And as I to d my name. I found The way free as our prairie,"
"Because, thank God! to-night," he said,
"The countersign is 'Mary.'"

"JUST LIKE A MAN."

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"They 'do beat all!" sighed Mrs. Peek, as she wiped her face earnestly with a spotted cotton handkerchief, and set her spectacles alo't on top of her cap border. "I summered an' wintered one on 'em nigh on to fifty years, and the' was things he done't I don't see into up to this day. Beside, I had sons, and darters' husbands as well, and they're all of a piece; tarred with the same stick, as Lins used to say.'

"Well," spoke up Miss Patty Brinkly, a vivacious maiden lady, stopping to thread her needle, with both elbows on the quilt-frame and her thread and needle stabbing at each other nearly half a yard away from her straining eyes. "I hain't never had no such experience, thanks be to praise! Pa used to say if I had ha' married anybody I'd have killed 'em or ran away from 'em, and I done but what I should,

"They had something to be thankful for, then, as well as thee, Patty," dryly remarked Aunt Marcia Blinn, the only lady of the "Friends" persuasion, as she called it, cf whom Oakley boasted.
"Well, they're queer anyhow," " re-

amed the Widow Peck. "The 'counting for 'em; they'll up and do things you wouldn't no more expect of 'em than anything; and as for bein' protectors for women folks and all that. which folks tell about in books, my land! Lias Peck would ha' died more'n forty times of I hadn't ha' had dry things for to put onto him when he came in soakin' wet out of the crick, or after a pourin' rain. As 'twas, he died o' rheumatiz 't he took along o' floatin' saw logs down to the mill in a spring freshet and never soming home to dinner, but working all day in them damp clotues. I gave him pokeberry rum, an' a hemlock sweat, and two hull bottles of Gumption's Ginger Bitters, besides a rubbin' of him powerful with camphire, before I sent for the doctor; but it stuck to his stomick and he went off like a snuff. But that ain't here nor there; as I was a sayin', for nigh onto fifty years I'd put his flannel shirts into the front left-hand corner of the bottom drawer in the em'hog'ny bureau in the bedroom, and every Sunday mornin' reg'lar, when he was cleanin' up for the meetin' he'd hollor out 'Lurancy! where's them flannel shirts o' mine?' Now that's so!" concluded the disconsolate widow, wiping her eyes, and adding in a stage aside -"But I'd give consider'ble to hear him holler that again!"

"And they hain't got no memory," put in Miss Patty, who had at last coaxed needle and thread to an amicable understanding, and was quilting away with zeal and discretion, as every good quilter knows how. "I never see the time when they wouldn't forget things. I've tailored round quite a number o' years, and I've had an eye on 'em, as you say. There was Silas Buck, I used to tailor for his folks consider'ble; the' was him and three boys and the hired man. Well, I'd get out o' linen thread, say, and you can't no more make overhauls with sewin' cotton than you can with spider webs, and Mis' Buck she'd say, 'Silas,' says she, 'Patty's all out o' linen thread. When ye go down to the store after them rake-tails I wish't you'd fetch up a hank o' black and a hank o' Now don't ye forget it!' And Silas he'd laugh, he was just as clever as a basket o' chips, and he'd say, 'I'll fetch it mother;' but he wouldn't! 'nd I set an' set a waitin' for't, and fin'lly put on my bunnit and walk a mile down to the Corners for to fetch it myself; then he'd say, 'Cousin Patty'-you see we called cousins because his father's second wife was sister my Amt Sophrony's husband you didn't fetch me no thread vesterday!' and then he'd haw, haw, right out, he was real clever, but land! so shiftless. That's just a case in p'int, so to speak, ye know; just one time, but you can tell by a little what a great deal means, and, as Mis' Peek says, they're all alike," "Thee doesn't think women folks are

Marcia, in her calm voice. "Well, I dono as they be: I dono as I said they be, but you can gen'ily tell where most of 'em 'll fetch up, and you

perfect, does thee, Patty?" queried Aunt

always did have as poor opinion of Adam
as ever was; to be a tellin' how 'twas
Eve made him eat the apple, when he
done it the first time askin', but 'twas
just like a man! They keep a doing of
it to this day, it's forever an' always 'the woman tempted me,"

"Thee remembers, doesn't thee? the Scripture says, 'the woman being de-ceived was in the transgression.' It hath always seemed to me kindly in Timothy so to speak of her as to lay the blame on the enemy."

"That ain't neither here nor there. answered the logical and undaunted Patty. "I ain't tryin' to make light of Eve's disobeyin', but I do say Adam was real mean to get behind her; he was able to say he wouldn't, I guess, je-t as well as she was, but he didn't no more'n she did. I was a readin' somewheres t'other day, about an old French feller, a Judge or somethin', Judge of a P'lice Court, I expect by the tell, and when-somever they fetched a man before him that had been took up for a misdeed, no matter what 'twas, he always asked, 'Who is she?' lettin' on as though a woman was to the bottom of every wrong-doin'. Clear Adam! And that's what I fault 'em for."

"Well, they be queer." Mrs. Peek again took up the fruitful theme, "Sary, what was that you was telling about Thomas an' them letters t'other night?

"Oh, me!" said Sarah Beers deprecatingly, but with a laugh that lit her pale face and sad eves; for Sarah was a typical New England woman; careful and troubled about everything; a coward physically, a hercine mentally; afraid of her very shadow, but doing the bravest things, with her heart sinking and her joints trembling all the time, because duty or affection called her to such service. She married Tom Beers, a bright, strong fellow, full of fun and reckless daring, and devoted to Sarah, but entirely ignorant of her daily anxieties and terrors, for she was as reticent as she was timid, if she thought she could save any one-much more any one she loved—by such reticence.
"Oh, tell on't, Sary; 'tain't no harm;

we all know Tom sets by ye like his life. He wouldn't do nothin' to plague ye, if he knowed it, no more'n he'd cut his head off; but that letter business was so exactly like men folks,'

A chorus of voices echoed the request, There were only about ten people at the quilting-it was the regular sewingcircle meeting of Oakley—so Sarah consented.

"Well; 'tain't much to tell, but if ma wants me to. You know Tom's horse is real young and kind of skittish, and if there is one thing above another I'm afeard of it's a horse."

"Bless your soul and body," put in her mother; "I never see the thing yet you wa'n't afeard of, Sary, horse or not." "Oh, I know it, ma, but I am awfully afeard of a skittish horse; Tom, he don't really sense it, and he says Jenny ain't uzly, she's just full of play; and I s'pose she is; she's knowing as a dog, and I give her a bite of somethin' every time he fetches her 'round, and she knows me real well, but she will jump and lash out and shy sometimes, and it I don't never drive her ef I can help it."

"You don't mean to say you ever do drive a creetur when you feel that kind o' way toward it?" queried Miss Patty, sharply.

"Why, I hev to, sometimes, ye know; there's oft-times a day Tom can't leave the havin' or harvestin' or plantin', or something, and there has to be things fetched from the store, and no way to get 'em except I go for 'em, so Tom he ist tackles up and I go for 'em; he don't really mistrust that I'm scared, and I don't never tell him that I be; what's the use?"

"Well," said Miss Pativ, with a snuff "So week before last Aunt Simons writ and said she was comin' out to stay a day or two before she went back South, and she was goin' to fetch Joe, that's her oldest, along with her; she wanted for to have us meet her at the station, but she said she shouldn't come if it rained; she's got dreadful weak lungs; but she'd telegraph if she wan't coming, Well, Wednesday morning, the day she set to come, it did rain, sure enough, and seeing there was a donation party to get up, I sided my work away early and walked over to the Center, for I knew I should find all the folks I'd g t to see to home. I'd just got ready 'o start for home about noon-time, and I bethought myself to step into the postoffice, for I knew there'd be a mail for the creamery, so I got a double-handful of letters and papers and set my face toward home, when who should come up but Tom in the buggy.

"'Get in,' says he, 'I'm a-goin' to fine station.' " What for ?' says L

"'Why,' says he, 'they hain't sent no telegraph, so they're comin.' "But it rains,' says I, 'and Aunt Simons said she wouldn't come if it

rained. " Well, says he, 'I obey orders and break owners; she said she'd telegraph if they wan't comin;' and how do you know but it didn't rain there?'

"So I got in and put the mail down into the seat, and he driv like Jehu, for we heard the train whistle; and says I, 'Oh, Tom ! don't drive up the hill to the station, I'm afraid Jenny'll be scared.'

"He laughed a little, 'I'll bet ske wouldn't be half so scared as you, says he; 'but I'll leave you to the foot of the - 'Cousin Patty, hain't you got them overhauls done yet?' and I'd sorter bluster 'nd say, 'Cousin Silas, I ain't to you, and I'll get in and go up to tother station and put 'em into the hack that waits there, for there can't four ride in this buggy; and you drive along up hill, and, if they come, I'll holler down to you, and I'll get in and go up to you speak of the immersion of my wife straw'n the Isr'elites was for Pharo', and to that station, and then I'll put you into the back with Aunt S'mons, and I'll take Joe along o' me in the buggy.' So sayin' he jumped out, for we was there, and run up just in time to catch the train. I didn't have a thought that be did not intend, etc., etc.; in a Pickthey'd be there, but they was, and he called out, 'They're here, drive along.' I knew 'twas the quickest way to take the road alongside the track, but the Tuck train was due, and Jen is skittish, exclaimed the wrath-stricken visitor, but I thought I'd ought to, so I drove along; there wasn't no train, but right never'll put a teaspoonful of water on in the road, where I couldn't turn nor any of my family. And you indulge in are kinder fit and prepared for what back, I see two loose hosses—and, if any more sideways remarks and I'll they will do, and specially for what they there is a thing that puts lightenin' into 'dirty work' you. And he slammed his won't do. Sometimes they'll disapp'int Jenny, it's loose hosses. I tell you the hat over his eyes, uttered a growl of un-shivers run down my back, but I knew satisfied anguish, went home and carried

sprung to and went by them hosses quicker! Well, the hack was going over the bridge, but I catched up with it, and Joe he got out with Thomas and took the buggy, and I got in with sunt. Tom had got to go up street to get a can for the creamery. I called out to him as

"Look out for your mail on the seat," and we drove along. But we hadn't gone a half a mile before Tom he came tearing along and stopped the

" 'Where did you put the mail?' says

he. "Why, on the seat of the buggy," " No you didnt't ! says he; 'there wasn't nothing there but papers

"'I guess I gave you the letters, then. I sort of thought I did,' says I. "Well I havn't 'em anyway,' says he.
'Look in all your pockets, Sally; they
ain't in mine.' So I looked and looked, but I hadn't a letter. I knew I hadn't, but I looked to suit him. Then I thought how I drove by the side road, and I told him I guessed they'd jolt out of the buggy when I driv so fast.

those letters to-day. I've got to; I'll go back over the side road and see if I can see or hear anything about 'em.' So he turned round. I tell you, I felt real bad; I couldn't think anyway in the world what I did with them letters, and see he was worried to death. After we got to the house and Aunt Simons was fixing herself upstairs, he drove up

with Joe. "'Sally,' says he, 'do look over your pockets again for them letters; I expect there was a \$300 check in one of 'em and we can't afford to lose it.' I was just ready to cry, I tell you, but I overlooked the pockets again; they wan't there, and he said there wasn't any sign or hearin' of 'em on the road. I felt as though I should give up, when he turned and went out of the door, but just as he swung the gate to he hollered

' 'Sally ! Sally !' and I run. 'I cave!' says he, laughing; 'here they be in my

own pocket; you give 'em to me.'
"Sure enough I did, but he put 'em into a pocket he didn't use for letters ordinarily, so he never looked there ! and there wan't no check at all in any one

"I guess you was mad?" queired Miss Patty. "Well, I was a little stirred up, don't deny; I set right down and cried

quite a spell." "Wan't that real mean?" Mrs. Peek asked of the audience with a tone of fine

"Did thee wish then thee'd never seen thy husband?" asked Aunt Marcia of Sally. The anxious face flushed and the sad

eyes sparkled. "Aunt Marcia, I shouldn't know how to live without Tom any way in this mortal world!" And the clear voice broke down as if the thought of such a contingency was too much.

Aunt Marcia smiled. "I expect there is faults in all human creatures. 'Male and female created He them,' though ; and we can't set out greatly to better the Lord's plans. We makes me just as weak as water, so't I couldn't really get along, thee knows, without menfolks, and they could not without us : but I expect if thee could hear them talk amongst themselves, Miss Patty, thee would hear, quite frequent, 'Just like a woman.'

Miss Patty could not deny it.

A Case of Immersion.

I heard from unquestionable authority story of the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, which is quite too good for private circulation. When he first went to Elmira, a good many years age, he was some-what free and easy in his theology, holding, as he still holds, that the life was more than the creed, and the deportment more than the dogma, One day a no type can express, and Sarah went on: woman called and said she wanted to join his church.

"Very well," he said; "come in; glad to see you." "But," she said, "I must be immersed,"

"I can't duck you all over," he ex-plained; "no dish big enough." "Weil," she repeated, in a troubled frame of mind, "I must be immersed all over; I have been reading the Bible, and I am sure the teaching is that we

must be entirely immersed. "Then go and join Brother Hodg-son's church," he suggested, "they bave a baptistry up there, and there isn't any vital difference between us and the Baptists."

"No," said she, "my friends are here in your church; I want to be with He pondered over it awhile, and then

said, "See here, suppose you go up and see Brother Hodgson, and tell him to immerse you, so that you can come and join us. So she went and spoke after that man-

"Did Mr. Beecher tell you to come up here for that?" asked the irate Hodgson in a loud voice. She affirmed that such was his sug-

"Very well!" exclaimed the affronted Baptist, getting warmer and warmer as he thought of the highly audacious proposition. "Very well! Very well! You go back and tell Beecher that he's mistaken if he thinks I am going to do

his dirty work."

The lady fled in terror. That evening her husband called on the Rev. Hodgson to demand satisfaction, "No, sir! I won't sit down!" he answered as he came into the minister's presence; "did as dirty work? that is what I want to know!" and he slammed on the table and doubled up the two fingers of his right hand as if about to wring the clerical nose with them. Mr. Hodgson backed to the other corner of the room, near the open door, and explained that he meant no offense; he merely meant, etc., etc.; wickian sense, and for the dignity of his denomination, etc., etc.; but he would

be most happy, etc., etc.
"No! I'll be d—hanged if you do!" jamming the door with his fist, "You fall back on Scripter, and see't they was made to be the weaker sect; though, if 'tain't really lawful to say so, I own I jist lay the whip onto her, and she stilled aligned, well in some all is folks over to Beecher's church, wouldn't think about side shows; so I 'dip or no dip," as he expressed it.—

New York lettersto Detroit Post,

WOEFUL WIND.

The Town of Grinnell. Iowa. Wrecked by a Cyclone-Appalling Loss of Life-Five Persons Efficed by the Storm at Leavenworth

A frightful storm, or series of storms, swept

over a large section of the Northwest on the

17th and 18th of June, Grinnell, Iowa, seems

to have been the greatest sufferer, a consider-

able portion of the town going down before the fierce wind. The loss of life is the saddest feature of the disastrous visitation. It is beheved that upward of 150 people were either killed outright or fatally wounded. At Grinnell alone the death-roll will reach nearly, if nell alone the death-roll will reach nearly, if not quite, 100. Nearly twice that number were more or less seriously injured, while the property loss amounts to at least \$700,000. A correspondent furnishes the following graphic account of the ravages of the hurricane at Grinnell and vicinity: During the day the weather had been unusually hot, and toward evening ominous-looking clouds hung in the northwest. About 9 o'clock a deep and sullen roar like the approach of several rapidly-moving freight trains was heard, but before the cause of the pectriar phenomena was surmised the storm peculiar phenomena was surmised the storm had burst in all its fury. Striking the town upon the northwest quarter, it ent a sinu-ons path through the most beautiful resi-dence part of the town, carrying death dence part of the town, carrying death and destruction in its path. Every animate and inanimate object was picked up in its relentless grasp and hurled to death and destruction. Houses were annihilated, fences obinterated, twee broken off like straws, or in some cases tases broken off like straws, or in some cases the trunks were left standing, stripped of every vestige of foliage and peeled clean of the bark, leaving but a waite monument of the fury of the storm. Sidewalks were picked up and tossed about, each particular plank being converted into an engine of death in the circling grasp of the storm. In the light of the terrible damage done it seems almost miraculous that there was no greater loss of life. There can be but one way to account for it. Many of the village people were down town it. Many of the village people were down town doing the usual Saturday evening marketing. The business portion of the town escaped, and in this way greater loss of life was prevented. The scene in the track of the storm beggars description. It was about half-past 3 o'clock this morning when the special train from Des Moines, in charge of Supt. Royce, of the Rock Island road, and bearing a corps of physicians and relief force, arrived. At that time twenty-eight of the dead had been recovered from the debris in Grinnell alone. The hotels, school-houses and town hall were converted into hospitals. In the town hall alone were twenty dead bodies, ranging from the youth of 10 or 12 years to the man whose hair had been frosted by age. All around were grief-stricken friends and relatives, and the spectacle was one calculated to appall the stoutest heart. The wreck in the early gray of the morning was one of the most lamentable signts presented to human eyes. The path of struction was through the town of Grinnel about 700 feet in width. On the outer edges of the path the damage was the lightest. For the space of 209 feet in the center scarcely a tree or shrub escaped complete destruction. Houses were picked up and thrown to the outer circle, some to one side and some to the other, as the freaks of the wind prevailed. In some cases the houses were removed, dashed to pieces, scat-tered in fragments and foundation walls leveled to the ground. Nothing was saved of the con-tents. Stoves, furniture, pianos and all the va-rious articles of household paraphernalia were tossed about as though they were but children's toys. Articles of bedding and uphoistered fur-niture were found miles from their proper abiding-places. The handsome buildings of the Iowa College were completely destroyed, one of brick and another of stone, entailing a loss upon that institution of fully \$100,000. The damage to the town cannot fall short of \$700,000 or \$800,000. Passing out of town, the storm struck a freight train on the Central

Iowa ratiroad, lifted it clean from the tracks, and turned the cars promi-enously around. About a mile and a half below Grinnell it struck a west-bound freight on the Rock Island road and removed every one of the heavilyloaded cars, twenty-three in number from the track, leaving the engine standing. The conductor of this train was fatally injured and has since died. A brakeman on the Cen-tral train had his head completely perforated with a piece of pine board.

Beyond the Rock Island train no serious damage was done until Malcom was reached, a small town twelve miles east of Grunnell. Here the work of destruction was re-enacted in all its hideousness. The path of the storm was evidently much broader here, reaching out to the south for nearly the distance of a mile. The Presbyterian and Methodist churches were demolished. Several business houses were blown down and residences destroyed. Tucre were eight lives lost at Malcom and the immediate vicinity, though the greatest devastation was done in the country. This little town was nestied nicely on a gentle knoll. To the south and southeast is a beautiful valley, beyond which is a stretch of undulating prairie. Along on this prairie were located many next farm-

cottages. There is nothing left of them. Standing in the streets of Malcom, the write? was shown the spots where the day before were located twelve comfortable farm-houses. About half a mile west of the village Charley Wheeler was killed. Mrs. Akers and her boy Johnny also lost their lives here. There is a sad incident connected with the death of Mrs. Akers. She had just closed her house in town for the purpose of making a visit with friends in Illinois. Last evening she and her boy went over to Mr. Wheeler's to pass the night with his people, her husband being absent in the mountains. She left a little girl with a young triend in town. Mr. Wheeler's house was destroyed, and Mrs. Akers' body was found in a ditch about ten rods away with a heavy beam of timber rasting upon her, and a horrible gash across the side of the head. When the reporter left Malcom the girl was yet ignorant of the fate of her mother, and was playing about the streets full of childish glee. About three miles southeast of the town lived the McClure family of ten persons. But one of them had been found at noon, and it is feared that death has overtaken them. Fifteen miles south or Brooklyn a number of deaths are reported. Considering the extent to which the path of the storm had spread when it reached Malcom, its fury is phenomenal. The debris of the farm-houses was scattered over the prairie for a mile or more in a southwesterly direction from the points at which they were located. The lumber was splintered and fragments driven into the ground with terrific force. Barbed wire but recently put on was blown from the fence posts and coiled and twisted into divers shapes. Telegraph poles were snapped asunder and spitefully stuck in the ground. The damage to property in and around Malcom is estimated at \$100,000.

The place where the storm first struck is not definitely known. Northwest of Grinnell great devastation is wrought and several lives are known to have been lost, four being reported killed in one family. At Kellogg, a station east of Grinnell, one house was blown down. At Sheldahl several houses are reported destroyed and it was probably in that vicinity that the first force of the blast was felt. If there was ever a case that called for human sympathy it is the case of these people whom misfortune has so suddenly overtaken.

The cyclone entered town from the west and

akirded the edge of the place, taking a north-easterly course until within about a hundred yards of the college, where it veered to the right, making almost a complete right angle. The width of the cyclone varied from lifty to 200 yards. A more-destructive sight cannot well be imagined. The course is marked very plainly by debris along its path. Among the ruins are what was left of three planes, also the ruins are what was left of three planes, also the carcasses of many dead horses, cows, dogs and pigs. Household goods of every description are scattered all over the ground. Many of the articles are perfectly good, but of others hardly anything is left. The debris is frightful to behold. It covers a great deal of ground and is piled promiscuously in all directions. It consists almost entirely of splinters and fragments. The proportion of things uninjured is very small. Many a phenomenon can be ob-served. A heavy oak plank was driven through a two-inch board across the grain, making as clean a hole as if cut with a chisel, and driven several feet into the ground. The upper story of a house was completely demoished except one wall, in which was to be seen a closet with books on the

shelves, which had not been disturbed in the least; also a stove standing near, which had not been moved. The stove-pipe is still up. Strips of roofing tin were carried several hundred yards and wr pped around trees in an exceedingly complex manner. It is a singular fact that in the block which was damaged the mot there were the least people killed. It seems incredible that the college buildings should have suffered so much. Both were large and very solid buildings. The brick structure where the students were killed is literally but a mass of students were killed is literally but a mass of powdered brick and splinters. The sto building has the main walls standing, with a mass of smoldering rum- inclosed. Three students only were killed, not ten, as at first reported. One had a quite wonderful escape. He jumped from a third-story window and alighted on the college bell, and, strange to say, e-caped with only some severe bruises. The following is almost a complete list of the

Mr. Phipps Child. Miss Eva Merion. Mrs. Gue's son, 10 years old. B. H. Burgett, student, Deep River. E. B. Chase, student, Storm Lake. Miss Abbie Agard, student. W. H. Fry, brakeman, Chicago, Rock Island Mrs. Fanderburg. Olive Hough. Mrs. Ellen Hough. Mrs. Vanderbilt, Fairfax, Iowa. Ed and Lizzie Clement. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. Deacon M. N. and Mrs. Ford. Miss Tipton, at Deacon Ford's. Mrs. D. B. Totten. Mr. Alexander's little son. Infant son of Mrs. Hough. Miss Susie Bayer. Hattie Pittman. Mrs. Howard's little son. Mr. O. D. James, wife and two daughters, John Diegnans, conductor Chicago, Rock

Mrs. Freeman Taylor.

Eliza Fitzgerald.

Mr. Guthrie's infant child and two small chil-Gov. Sherman has issued the following pro-

" To the people of Iowa: The tornado which passed through the central portion of the State on the night of the 17th inst, has proven one of the most frightful calamities in the history of the commonwealth. Along the path of the storm, and especially at Grinnell and Malcom,

there was not only a great destruction of property, but an appalling loss of human life, and many who escaped death in their ruined homes are left in a condition of suffering and need which appeals earnestly to the generosay of the people. Ready hands and gener-ous hearts have already done much to care for the wounded and shelter the houseless, but the results of so frightful a disaster must be longasting, and others further removed from the only awart an opportunity to aid their

stricken fellow-citizens,
"I do, therefore, most heartily recommend that all conributions for their relief be sent to the Hon. J. B. Grinnell, who is fully authorized to receive them, and to whom such a trust of generosity may be most confidently committed.
"Buren R. Sherman."

The Cyclone Elsewhere, The storm inflicted a damage of \$290,000 at

Leavenworth, Kan. St. Mary's Academy was blown down and five of the young lady pupils At St. Louis, Mo., the damage was consider-

able. A number of steamers were blown from their moorings and sunk. Hundred of houses were unroofed and thousands of trees prostrated At Kansas City. Mo., houses were unroofed, windows smashed, and a great deal of other damage done. The loss is estimated at \$200,-000. At Cairo, Iil., the tornado uproofed the Vincennes wharfboat and overturned twenty box-cars in the Illinois Central yards, A col-ored man was killed at Beach Redge. At Metropolis a coal-barge was sunk and the roofs of

several buildings were taken off. LIVE STOCK CENSUS.

By a recent bulletin of the census office at Washington, the statistics of live stock in each of the States and Territories show that there were on farms in the United States, June 1, 1880, 10, 357,981 horses, 1,812,932 mules, 993,970 oxen, 12,443,593 miich cows, 22,488,590 other cattle, 35,191,156 sheep and 47,683,951 swine. The figures of Illinois and adjacent States are ns follows :

Oxen.	9,020	Milch cows 601,400
Other cattle 1	410,597	Sheep
Swine	,553,123	WA.
Horses		
	192,022	Mulas 44,424
Oxen		Milch cown 851,187
Other cattle1	,700,34	Sheep 455,359
Swine		NOIR.
Homes 1	000 000	Other cattle1,515,063
Marine	100 075	Sheep
Mules	120,210	Sheep
Oxen		Swine
Milch cows	865,913	SAS.
Horses	490.007	Other cattle 1,015,935
	27.4 SACK	Chart bactio,
Mulea	09,000	She-p
Oxen	10,789	Swille, 1,181,909
Milch cows	418,333	NSAS,
Wante		
Horses	AND VALUE	Other cattle 493,392
Mules,	67,082	Sheep 246,757
Oxen		Swine
Milch cows	249,407	
Winner		OTA.
Horses		Other cattle 88,835
Mules		Sheep 30,244
Oxen.		Swine 63,399
Milch cows	44,572	
		ANA.
Horses	581,444	ther cattle 864,846
Mules	51,780	Sheep
Oxen	3,9.0	Swine 3,186,413
Mi.ch cows	494,944	
	MIGH	IGAN.
Horses	378,	Other cattle 466,660
Mu es	5,083	Sheep2,189,389
Oxen	40,598	Swine 964,071
Milch cows	384,578	
	MINNI	E-OTA.
Horses		Mules 9,019
Oxen		Milch Cows 275,545
Other cattle		Sheep 267,598
Swine	381,415	
O.W. W. C		PANA.
Horses	25 114	Минея 858
	Gran.	Milch cows 11,308
Oxen		
Other cattle		Sheep 184,277
Swine	10,278	ARKA.
Hor es		Mules 19,999
Oxen		Milch cows 161,187
Other cattle	500,190	Sheep 199,463
Swine	,211,724	
	WIRCO	NRIN.
Horses	352,424	Mules 7,136
Oxen	28,769	Milch cows 478.374
Other cattle	622,000	Milch cows 478,374 Sheep
Swine	108 9 5	The state of the s
Authorite Committee of the	5 STORY 19	

SHOCKING CALAMITY.

A terrible calamity occurred at Indianapolis the other day. Through the center of the city is a small creek called Pogue's run, which in dry seasons is little more than a mud puddle; but, in the event of a sudden and heavy rain, the extent of country which it drains makes it very dangerous. A tremendous rain-storm, during which two inches of water fell, swelled this stream to an unprecedented height, and flooded the northern part of the city, inflicting a pecuniary damage amounting to several hundred thousands of dollars. The most terrible thing in connection with the flood, however, was the dreadful loss of life. There was a frail, half-rotten bridge spanning Pogue's run, near the Union depot. The water reached almost to the floor of it, and was running very fast. On this were at different times from ten to twenty-five specit, and was running very fast. On this were at different times from ten to twenty-five spectators watching the flood. They were several times warned that this was not safe, but paid little attention to this. Finally, when the flood was at its highest, the bridge gave way, precipitating twenty or more persons into the water. Many of these were young girls who worked at an adjoining factory, and nine of these were saved by bystanders. The remainder went through the tunnel, which is a square in length, and strangely enough three of these were rescued alive. The dead bodies of eight persons were taken out within a few hours, and it is believed that the list of drowned will reach a dozen.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Annual Rounies at Detroit. The Society of the Army of the Potomas convened at Detroit on Wednesday, June 14, and was called to order by Gen. Charles Dovens. Jr., its President. Gen. Andrew A-Humphrey, U. S. A., was elected President fo the ensuing year. The other officers were re-

elected.

The various army corps represented in the army of the Potomac held corps reunions during the afternoon. First corps elected Gen. E. G. Bragg President; Second, Col. N. S. Church, Ithaca, Mich.; Fi'th, Gen. James McQuade; Sixth, Col. James H. Piatt; Nmth. Gen. John G. Park, U. S. A.; Tweifth, Capt. W. W. Bush, Lockport, N. Y., who claims to have been the first enlisted man in the War of the Rebellion; N neteenth, Gen. H. E. Paine, Wisconsin; Cavalry, Gen. W. Wells. Vermont.

Gen. Francis A. Walker sent a letter accepting the position of historian of the Fecond corps, and Gen. Hincks, of Wisconsin, made a rowing speech to his old comrades, whom he had come 3,000 miles to see.

At the meeting of the Ninth corps, Gen. E. E. Sprague, of Massachusetts, read a beautiful tribute to the memory of their late President, Gen. Burnside. elected.

Gen. Sheridan was received with deafening cheers by the Cavalry corps, and made a brief speech, expressive of kind regard for his old comrades.

The reception in the Music Hall in the even-

The reception in the Music Hall in the evening was a grand event. The auditorium was
beautifully decorated with mementoes of camp
life, interspersed with the rude engines of war.
Gov. Jerome welcomed the veterans of the
Army of the Po omac. He said:

"I shall not linger long in the grateful duty
imposed upon me of giving you a welcome to
the State of Michigan. We recognize in you
the surviving coworkers in one of the greatest
periods of our history—illustrious agents in the
accomplishment of a mighty trumph far
transcending the ordinary exploits of arms.
You are conspicuous witnesses to the truth, You are conspicuous witnesses to the truth, never represented at the military reunions of nations aeross the Atlantic, that a free re-publican government by the people knows how to take care of itself. It was your fortune to have been placed in the fore-ground of the conflict. It was the Army of ground of the conflict. It was the Army of the Potomac that began the war, and when its fighting was done the war had ceased. The rebel Army of Northern Virginia, defending the rebel capital, represented in the eyes of the world the idea of organized hostility to the Union. The Army of the Potomac, protecting the capital of the nation, and striking directly therefrom at the hearts of its enemies, represented in the eyes of the world the idea of organized loyalty to the Union. You saved Washington, and you captured both Richmond

and its defenders."

The Governor tuen dwelt upon the long services of this great army, and bid it a warm welcome to the State that had furnished 90,000 men to the Union army, and whose representatives were found with the Army of the Potomac from the first crossing over the Long bridge into Virginia to the fall of Richmond, and whose dead strewed every one of that army's

Mayor Thompson, in a brief, but cordial speech, welcomed the veterans to the hearts and homes of the citizens of Detroit.

General Devens, on behalf of the Army of the Potomac, made a brief but eloquent re-

John Boyle O'Reilly, of Boston, then read his poem, entitled "America," which was a very neat production, indeed, and was received

very neat production, indeed, and was received with great applicate.

Gen. E. S. Bragg, of Wisconsin, was then introduced, and delivered the oration. This was an elaborate defense of Gen. McClellan's organizing ability and military skill, was high in its praise of Fitz John Porter and strong in its incidental condemnation of Gen. Pope and Secretary Stanton. Tracing the history of the Grand Army from the first to the last, he closed in these words: closed in these words:
"Oh, my countrymen, the Army of the Po-

tomac was the army of deeds worthy to live in history. It fought more pitched battles and lost more men on the field than any of the armies of the United States, aggregating a grand total of 93,856. It was often repulsed, but never with dishonor. Broken, it railied again; driven back, it returned vigorously to battle. As the sturdy oak on the mountain side, stripped of its limbs and riven with thunderbolts, refuses to bow to the storm, but, conscious of its strength, lifts its head in grim defiance to the elements, so this grand old army, shattered, worn, with thinned ranks, bleeding sons in every hospital, its dead strewn on scores of battlefields, bore to the front her battered, blood-stained banners until the sun of Appearattox gilded them with the luster of a final v ctory. In its vocabulary there is no such word as fail. Froud is the record of any soldier of whom it may be truly Horses..... 667,516 Mules...... 1D2,027 said: 'He was of the Army of the Potomac.''
Oxen...... 9,020 Mileh cows..... 661,405 The close of the address was greeted with great

> The audience then loudly called for Gon. Grant, who was on the platform, who acknowledged the compliment, but declined to speak further than to express his gratification at being present with his old comrades in arms, and to declare his belief that volunteer armies were the best in the world. They fought for love of country, and not because they were hired. Sheridan also declined to make a speech, but expressed gratification at meeting with old

Speeches were made by ex-President Hayes and Gen. Sickles, and the exercises of the even-

The second and last day of the reunion wit-The second and last day of the reunion witnessed a grand procession in honor of the veteran guests. The streets were everywhere lined with thousands of people, and the appearance of the most prominent soldiers was greeted with great applause. Grant, Sheridan, Hayes, and Sickles were, of coarse, the chief attractions. The procession was a mile and a half long. In the afternoon two steamers gave the guests a ride on the Detroit river. The exercises closed with a banquet at Music Hall, where the menu cards were in the form of a canteen, opening on a hinge. Exform of a canteen, opening on a hinge. Ex-President Hayes responded to the toast, "Our Country;" ex-Gov. Austin Blair to "The Vol-unteers;" Gen. Sickles to "The Army and Navy," Gov. Jerome to "The State of Michi-gan," and Mayor Thompson spoke for the city of Detroit

Talk and Talkers.

A delightful essay in the Eclectic, on "Talk and Talkers," contains the following suggestions:

Natural talk, 'ike plowing, should turn up a large surface or life, rather than dig mines into geological strata, Masses of experience, anecdote, incident, cross lights, quotation, historical instances, the whole flotsam and jetsam of two minds forced in upon the matter in hand from every point of the compass and from every degree of mental elevation and abasement—these are the material with which talk is fortified, the food on which talkers thrive. Such argument as is proper to the exercise should still be brief and seizing. Talk should proceed by instances; by the apposite, not the cxpository. It should keep close along the lines of humanity, near the bosoms and businesses of men, at the level where history, fiction and experience intersect and illuminate each other. Into that illusory region where the speakers reign supreme, mankind must be evoked. not only in the august names and shadowy attributes of history, but in the life, the humor, the very bodily figures of their common friends. It is thus that they begin to marshal armies of evidence on either side of their contention; and as they sit aloft and reason high, the whole pageant of man's life passes before them in review.

OFFICER of the Prussian Guards looking at the ocean, to his wife: "Isn't this a glorious sight, Minnie? But the sea seems greatly agitated—probably has never before seen an officer of the Prus-sian Guards."